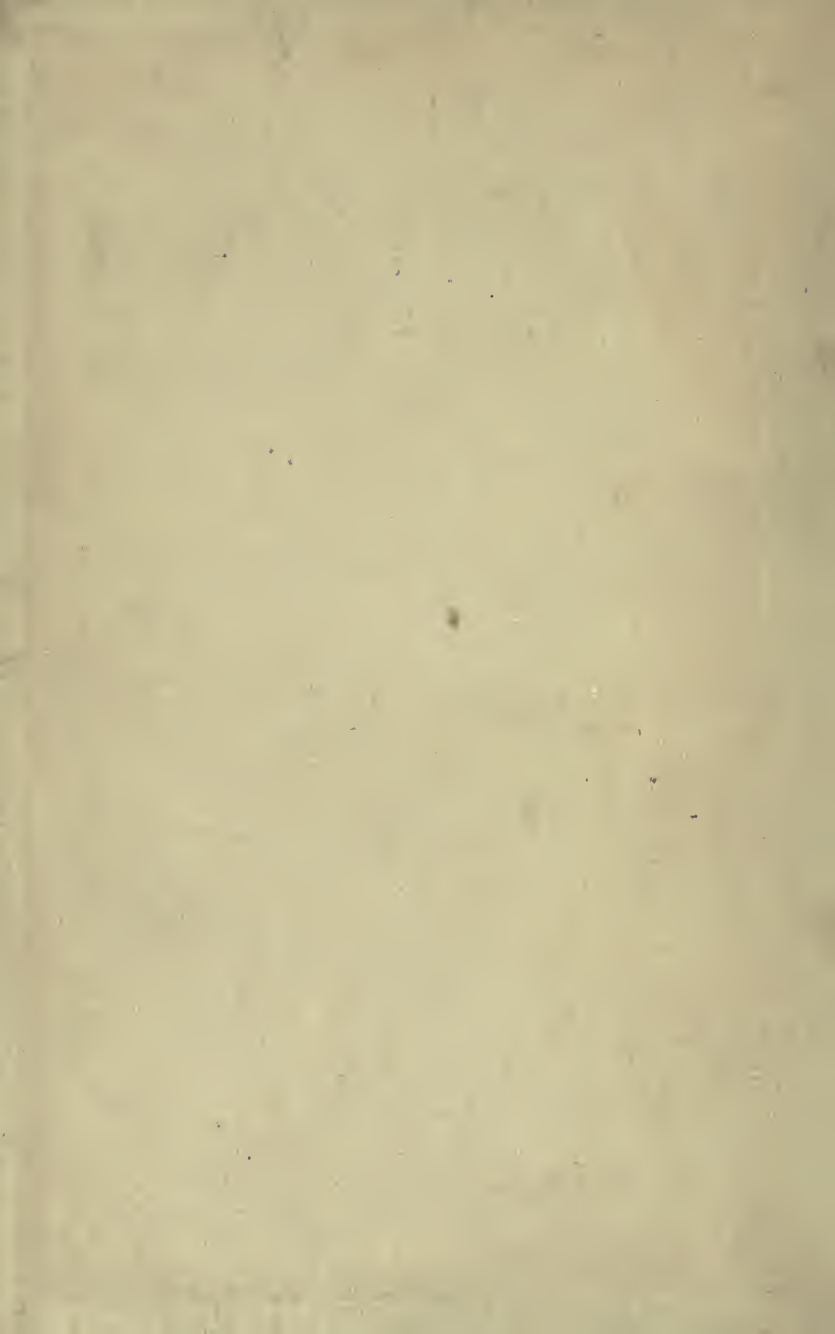


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ESTABELLE
AND OTHER
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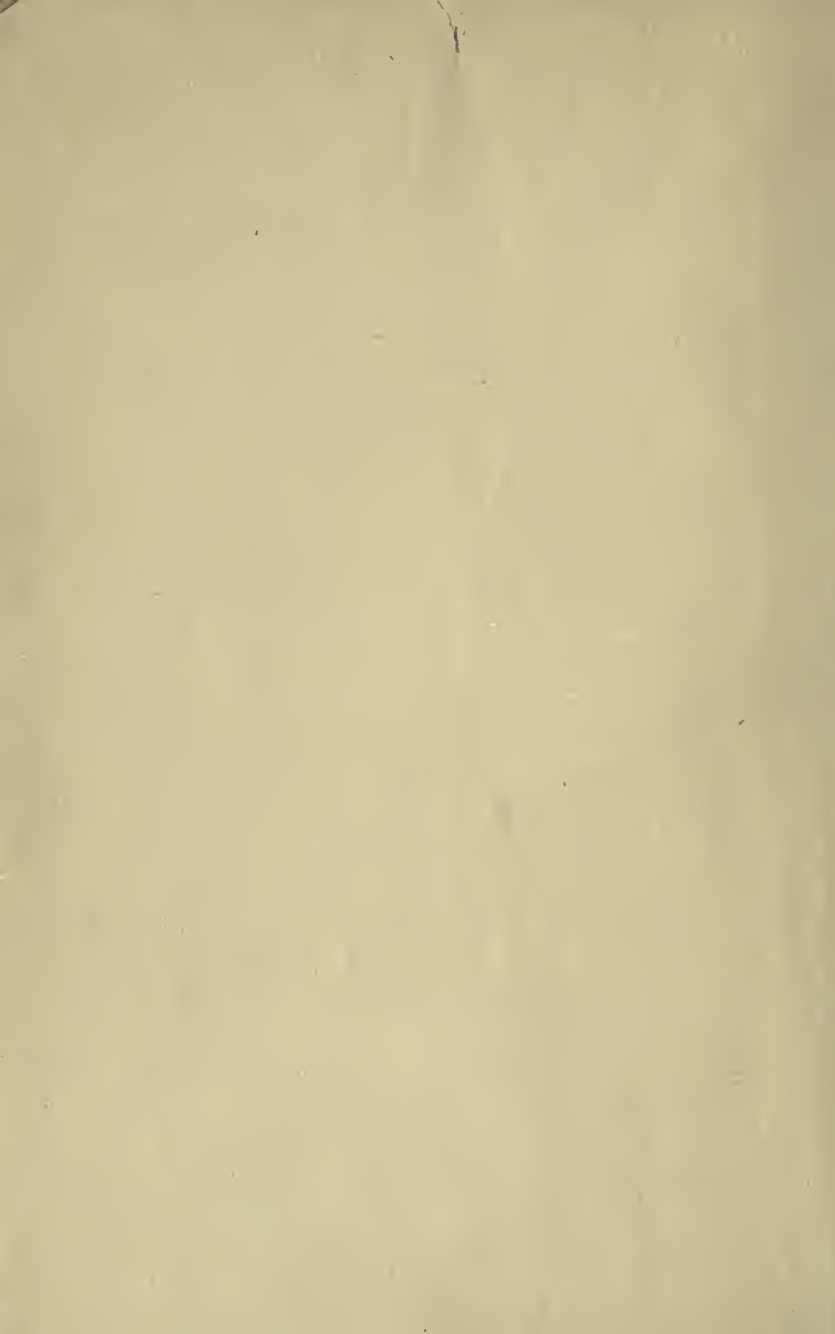
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ESTABELLE

AND OTHER VERSE

ESTABELLE

And Other Verse

BY

JOHN STUART THOMSON

TORONTO :

WILLIAM BRIGGS .

WESLEY BUILDINGS

MONTREAL : C. W. COATES

HALIFAX : S. F. HUESTIS

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Poetry.

MEASURES dulcet and divine,
Fancy ! sing me for my gladd'ning ;
Thrill, by turns, when all supine,
With some bugle's war-cry madd'ning,

When the hero on to fame
Sweeps through lanes of glitt'ring lances.
Lull me, then, with some soft name,
Calling through a maze of trances.

Waft me to Sicilian slopes ;
There to find swart shepherds singing
Pastoral rhymes on lovers' hopes,
While the rose abroad is flinging

Its ambrosial petals white ;—
And Theocritus, rapt, musing,
In the lilac-breathing night,
I might meet, his thoughts confusing.

Scents of op'ning cassia buds
Sate me with, and lotus flowers ;
Let me float on Nile's pale floods,
Underneath the citron bowers.

Or in some sublimer mood,
In elegiac cadence sorrowing,
We'll call to the Stygian brood ;
From the winds sad dirges borrowing.

Ah, so dull, fair Fancy ! soon
Will that comp'ny be ; then joyous,
Spread thy pearly wing at noon ;
Let the lighter pleasures cloy us ;

Pour the wine in ev'ry vein ;
Sapphic strophes soft repeating,
Till from my transported brain
Sordid thoughts of life are fleeting.

Like a cygnet, or a cloud,
Let me float through skies or water ;
Beckoned Light-ward, from the crowd,
By a star-born Houri-daughter.

Numbers dulcet and divine,
Singing in the poets' pages ;
So delight us line by line,
While Earth's burd'ning care engages.

Outside the Tent.

TEN thousand blossoms animate the scene,—
 A thousand thousand leaves of flashing green ;
 The field-lark tries his sweet-stopped flute,—
 The peasant maiden, too, her lute ;
 And love is ev'rywhere expressed,—
 In rush-thatched hut ; in songbird's nest.

O ! watch the lights and shadows weave at dawn
 A chequered pattern on the daisied lawn ;
 And when again 't is ebon all,
 Come ! listen to the echoing call ;
 The warder-wind, the star-watch through,
 Sounds : “ Verd'rous hills, is 't well with you ? ”

Somewhere the iris lifts its dew-lit eyes ;
And hushed pools wonder, and th' enamoured skies.

Within the mazy wood and dim,
Hear Nature's holiest forest-hymn !
While from earth's leaf-strewn altars rise
Sweet orchis' scents,—a sacrifice.

The Poet's Heritage.

THE poet in his *narrow* world at eve
 Roamed solitary ; it was often said,
 On dew-wet sheaves he made his frequent bed.
 Yet those who searched his glance must needs
 believe
 He held Arcadian groves, where wood-nymphs weave
 Each summer moon for him, immortal bays ;
 For some deep joy played in his eyes and lays.
 And though in tearful numbers he might grieve,
 He only sighed for Colin on his crook
 Leaning, within a melancholy nook.
 The poet had not empires at his nod ;
 Yet clouds, that dipped their skirts in liquid gold,
 O'er-canopied his ev'ning walks ; the sod,
 Before his steps, its em'rald carpet rolled ;

And nodding poppy gardens crimson spread
 Before his view, unto a winding brook ;
 Here he would come, and languishingly look
 Upon the lilies in their rocking bed,—
 And muse of lotus flow'rs and Thebes long dead.
 Sometimes the tinkling cow-bells in the field
 Would unto him a fragrant harvest yield
 Of holy thoughts, for he would hear instead
 The distant ringing of a minster chime
 Over an old-world glebe or vale sublime.
 The poet's world was *wide* ; no youth or age
 Compassed or hindered him ;—calm Milton's high
 Majestic sonnets, and an Aldine page,
 Had shown him once for all what cannot die.

Chateauguay Valley.

FAIR vale of Chateauguay, refulgent !
 Thy daisied lawns and slopes, indulgent
 Of dreamy ease and careless sleep,
 I oft recall ; the days of haying ;
 The sprightly blue-eyed maidens Maying ;
 Thy brooks where silv'ry fishes leap ;—
 Those rock-bound fountains,
 Cool, in the mountains,
 I thirst for ; and I miss thy hill-paths steep.

I know a lofty pine that shaded
 A fleet of plantains, arrow-bladed ;
 A cove where golden lilies flow'r'd ;—

And in one secret hollow only,
The pink arbutus budded, lonely ;—
 And when the genial spring-time show'r'd,
 A wood-thrush listened,
 Where rose-leaves glistened
About his downy nest with sprays embow'r'd.

A Summer Day.

I KNOW a sunny winding vale,
 Where cool and bubbling springs ne'er fail ;
 And where a hollow dips,
 A lakelet lifts its cup of blue
 (As Ganymede to Zeus) unto
 The great green world's warm lips.
 Forsaken pasture lands slope to a stream ;
 And wing-tired insects dream
 The hot noon through,
 Swinging on blooms of meadow rue.
 O'er fruiting orchards bobolinks
 Sing mellow songs. My thirsty spirit drinks
 A golden fill of liquid notes,
 Spent wantonly from happy throats ;—
 While censers of the clematis
 Diffuse incense and bliss.

The Night.

THE Night shook out her star-jew'll'd hair,
 And laughed whenever moonbeams flashed ;
 She trips wherever daisies wear
 Their white dream-nightcaps, yellow-dashed.

O Night ! I love thy flashing eye,
 Half veiled beneath its lashes dark ;
 Tell us what roused thee ! step or cry ?
 Or was it only glow-worm's spark ?

In melancholic spirit oft
 I seek thy glades, where once I heard
 Beneath the leaves, in cadence soft,
 The star-thrilled music of a bird.

Calm brow of Night ! how pure thou art
From contemplating long thy stars ;
How full thy peace ! man's little heart
The slightest molestation jars.

'T is good to hide the human face,
From human friend, upon thy breast ;
Thou last, sweet refuge of disgrace ;
The tired day's pillow ; sorrow's rest !

Night, Night ! thou holy praying time !
When man can look on God and live ;
When shamefaced guiltiness dare climb
To heaven's gate and plead : " Forgive."

How opulent thou art of gold !
How queenly in thy Tyrian robe !
When lightning gilds the distant wold,
And drops the purple on the globe.

The poets sang of Malmsey wine,
And trav'lers praise dry Santorin ;
Yet lead me, Eve, to dew-dipped vine,
And berries masked by leafage green.

The wild wind calls, and 'cross the moon's
Round, frightened face the white clouds race ;
The lunar orb reels wide, and swoons
Within some dark Tartarean place.

Deus, Píngt.

GOD'S canvas is the bending sky ;
His pencils sunbeams, swift and true ;
His colors,—pearl, chalcedony ;
His pictures clouds, on background blue.

Spring-Woods.

WITHIN the bosky solitudes
 Shy, melancholy Nature broods
 Over some love or loss ;
 And peering through the brake, I see
 The wind-dropped flow'r, anemone,
 In milky borders toss.
 Now wakes, where sap-warmed trees are
 bourgeoning,
 The amber-budded spring ;
 And in the dim cool dells,
 Behold the snow-drop's frosted bells !
 The swaying, trim claytonias pink,
 Their slender arms with sweet-eyed violets
 link,—
 Tripping to meet the vernal Queen,
 Robed in soft dewy garments green ;—
 And dangling coral columbines
 Sprinkle sweet ruddy wines.

Limnings of Summer.

THE holy note of summer bird ;
The rare, suspended hour of noon ;
The noiseless straying of the herd ;—
These consecrate the month of June.

The first rose on the trellis wakes ;
The zephyr spreads the news around ;
From bow'ry seats, the bird choir shakes
The natal numbers to the ground.

The blackberry, its long white arms,
Heavy with bloom, moves to and fro ;
The square church tow'r, with ivy charms,
Stands limned against the sunset's glow.

On glassy inlet's bosom float
The balanced shallops, and below
The last, an upturned shadow-boat
Embeds its masts where oar-weeds grow.

Horizon's tardy western gate,
All flecked with gold and barred with blue,
Half open swings, that sunbeams late,—
(From ling'ring on the hills, o'erdue)

May fold them in ; for king of day,
Attended by gay-pennoned band,
An hour ago, held regal way
Into the close of night's dim land.

A Lyric of Late Autumn.

O STUDENT of the various mood
Of this chill sylvan solitude !
I would that half were giv'n to me
Of thy sweet misery.

The absent bloom ; the sear, brown year ;
The silence by the season's bier ;
The faring southward of the birds,
Grieve like Love's dying words.

The loon's disquiet, frequent cry
Bedews thy melancholy eye ;
But crows are sportive in the wood,
As though all things were good.

Strewn are the petals of the rose ;
The swelling north-wind colder blows ;
The virgin's-bow'r is shiv'ring where
The fire-flies used to flare.

The golden-rod alone doth wear
A gleam of summer in its hair ;
And one last aster, flow'ring blue,
Remains to autumn true.

The hedge forsaken by the thrush ;
The rustling sedge ; the hawthorn bush,
No more resound with happy song,
In the gray gloaming long.

Pellucid runlets through the meads
No more bear argosies of seeds ;
No more toss anchored lily-boats,
Or cool birds' song-tired throats.

The cardinal's banner of the Fall
No more flaunts wide in Flora's hall ;
Nor crickets' carols from the grass
Call zephyrs as they pass.

The wild-bee's busy garnering's done ;
And not a cloud melts in the sun ;
The purple, mist-wrapped hills are cold,
And ev'rything is old.

Mystic and far, I heard the bells
Of Is between the sea's loud swells ;
And winds through yarrow on the dunes
Startled with weirder tunes.

Half-syllabled I heard strange names ;
I trembled, for they were not Fame's ;
And questioned, distraught with the time,
If aught but death's sublime.

Along the Way.

A SPARROW on a flow'ry hedge
 Melts all his soul in song,—the pledge
 Of the supernal year ;
And purple morning-glories lift
To the sun's rays, a cooling gift
 Of nectar-wine for cheer.
Like fields of wind-tossed stars, the marguerites
 Tremble in lone retreats.
 The briar roses pink
Invite the bee to musk dew-drink ;
And thrushes in the dim wood sing
 Wild strains, with which the leafy coverts ring.
 On olive lily-pads the gold
 Of new-blown petals is unrolled,
And bobolincolns trail along
 A tinkling chain of song.

Transformed.

'T WAS in the purple-flow'ring month we met,
 And I had gathered fleurs-de-lis for her ;
 And sought the dim wood where the fern leaves stir
 To find an orchis, fringed and sweet and wet ;
 These in her simple joy she coyly set
 Among her tresses ;—but I knew her not ;
 Some passing wind a sylph or nymph had brought.

And ere I sighed or spoke a vain regret,
 She led me to a green and shadowy grove,
 Where fallow-deer, large-eyed, did shyly rove ;—
 And on a bank of thyme we two did sit ;
 Words were forgotten ; in her wide blue eyes
 I read some symbol language, though my wit
 Had passed away. I dwelt in Paradise.

Abroad on Holy-Day.

I LOVE to walk on solemn holy-day,
When clanging bells ring high in chapel tow'rs ;
In morning hour, when perfumes of the show'rs
Still leave exhilarant the pool-lined way ;
And girls, Madonna-faced, haste by to pray ;
Adown the road that dips into the dell ;
Past Hereford cattle driven to a well ;
Surprising groups of truant boys at play ;—
To wildwood murm'ring to the summer breeze,
And dimmer forest thick with maple trees ;
Yea, on until the branchy umbrage spreads
Its dense protection o'er a drooping rose ;
And here unconsciously we bare our heads,
And Nature absolution sweet bestows.

Linings of Spring.

DANDELIONS beat their gold,
Round and rich, beside the way ;
Commerce with the children hold,
Tired with their blithe roundelay.

Daffodils, their yellow hair,
Toss inside the garden pale ;
Teasing winds, invading there,
Kiss the violets by the rail.

One week hence and buttercups,
Sallow-eyed, will dream at noon ;

When the pois'nous marsh-toad sups
At the stream brink, where, in June,

Chalices of gold and white,
Leaning on a tray of green,
Will the dragon-fly invite,
Liveried in purple sheen.

Hordes of daisies, roaming wide,
Up the banks their empire drag ;
Tartar-like, their purpose hide,
Flaunting war with yellow flag,—

Waving peace with banners wan.
To the hollows of the mead
All the clover blooms are drawn,
Promising the fumous seed,

Prized by rustic youths to smoke,
When clandestinely they meet
In a leaky barn to joke ;
While obliquely drives the sleet.

Sinuously to the dunes,
 Moves the powdered road along ;
 Till it halts, surprised by tunes
 Sea-nymphs sing, where breakers throng.

Ocean sounds, and stranded shells
 Learn the syren melody ;
 Hiding in their pink-walled cells
 Orphaned harmonies from sea ;

These are hummed in children's ears,
 When they circle round the fire,
 And the north-wind sows its fears
 'Mong the birds on swaying wire.

In the roadstead fisher boats
 Lazily heave up and down ;
 While, on far horizon floats
 All the pride of sunset's town.

On the beach, the ribs and keel
 Of a shore-washed schooner lie ;

Shipwrecked, when the storm-fiends' reel
Madly swept the tumbling sky.

Sunset's bark, all water-logged,
Sinks, with myriad banners dressed ;
Ev'ning dun, by star-scouts dogged,
Scatters gold-dust in the west.

Sketches of Summer.

THE thrushes wake in sumach-tree,
And shake abroad their golden notes ;
And now that the glad morn is free,
Soon will resound the fieldlarks' throats.

The herons stir among the reeds ;
The beacon lights pale on the hill ;
The yellow lilies, 'mong the weeds,
Augment the day ; and sings the rill.

Now flit the brilliant humming-birds,
And fill, among the holly-hocks,
Their slender bills ; with cadenced words,
The shepherd calls unto his flocks.

The flaxweeds' bells ring in high noon ;
A goldfinch darts about the thorn ;—
What ecstasy ! what priceless boon !
To be a bird 'mong white bloom born.

Hail ! luscious, fragrant fruiting day !
When apples ripen on the branch ;
When pears grow ruddy ; and the hay,
All seed-despoiled, begins to blanch.

The ancient, moss-grown cherry bole,
The ivy's scirrhou's arms entwine.
I ask thee, has that flow'r a soul,
That once bloomed here, an eglantine ?

From noon to deeper day, the hours
Roll on ; the red-winged blackbird flies
'Mong rosy bells in dogbane bow'rs.
From minaret, in azure skies ;

Or is it from the pine-tree's top,
I hear a proud and splendid note ;
Oh ! will thy rhapsody e'er stop,
Thou tanager in scarlet coat !

The shadows lengthen ; crickets trill
 Their slender lays unto the night ;
The brown-eyed yellow daisies still
 Grow richer 'neath the west'ring light.

Up from the pastures, red and white,
 The vesper-sparrow lifts his song,
Until it wins some upland height,
 Where ravished echoes whisper long.

Now rings the sharp cry of the hawk ;
 A bat wings low and noiselessly ;
The wild-thyme scents the garden walk,
 And shadows lengthen 'neath the tree.

The orchids droop in varied bloom ;
 Nectareous dews distil at eve ;
Ah, list ! in the wide hallowed gloom,
 Methinks the ancient spirits grieve.

A Sonnet of Summer.

BEAUTY and Joy live through the summer day ;
 The morning rustles by my bed of dreams,
 In garments made of woven auroral beams ;
 And toying zephyrs in the garden stray,
 Shaking the dews from each rose-weighted spray
 Upon the crimson poppies' burning lips.
 A white-winged butterfly delighted sips
 Of cooling golden wine, his thirst to allay,
 The while he poises on the yellow brim
 Of buttercups. And when the day is dim ;
 And shadows flutter in the rising gale ;
 And oak leaves tremble in the wood afar,
 Like falling flakes of gold,—o'er night's dark rail
 Pale seraphs lean, each with a censer-star.

Sonnets of the Autumn.

WOULDST thou be happy e'en in loneliness,
 In this chill silent season of the year ;
 When e'en the lush green swamp-grass groweth sear ;
 And though the tanager of scarlet dress
 Has lost his wine-wet song by too great stress
 Of sorrow ; and the larks' notes, smoothed with dew,
 Have passed despairingly with summer too ;
 And though the bobolinks thy spirit bless
 No more, with their too happy melodies ?
 In retrospection, walk these upland leas !
 And cull thy gentle mem'ries of the past ;
 For thou hast surely here watched humming bees
 Explore the blossomed bough, where now the last
 Dry leaf is shiv'ring on the apple trees.

And where the ploughboy leans o'er the bright share,
The cool-leaved violet thou hast plucked in spring ;
And heard white-throated sparrows joyful sing
Nine golden notes of fame, to charm thy care.
What if the purple marshes mist-wreaths wear ;
And if the sedge conspires in whisp'ring breath
To sow the terrors of the coming death
Among the trembling fronds of maiden hair !
Hast thou not from the silv'ry pools and ponds
Gathered white lilies, and the purple wands
Of fleurs-de-lis? Hark to the merry stave
The bronzed swain whistles as he swings his steel ;
And see where golden-rods their rich plumes wave ;
And let some joy thy mournful bosom feel !

Milady.

LIPS, as cool as mountain dew ;
Looks, as soft as summer's moon ;
Breath, like rose-scent filtered through
The flow'ring bow'rs of June.

The Vale of Estabelle.

THEY hide within the hollows, and they creep into
the dell ;

The little, time-stained headstones, in the vale of
Estabelle.

I often looked across them, when I lounged upon
the hill ;

I never walked among them, nor could cross the
moody rill.

I had a dread of seeing e'er the dead of pallid face,
And feared at night to meet their ghosts haunting a
lonely place.

The church bell rang at night-time, just one hollow,
dismal toll ;
The aged by the cranny heard, and sighed : " How
grows Death's roll ! "

Each meadow has its sparrow and each copse its
note of spring ;
But seasons through I never heard a bird in grave-
yard sing.

A solemn man, the sexton, and 't was he you saw at
eve,
Look at the sun, lay down his spade, wipe brow upon
his sleeve.

The church was old ; its tower bold, and dust-
bedimmed the panes ;
The preacher ever paused a while, when fell the
autumn rains.

The goodwives ceased from musing, and some fear
upon them came ;
" 'Tis ill to be from church to-day, when one's not
blind or lame."

They often asked me why it was I shunned the
headstones so ;

“I fear them not,” I said, “to some new grave with
you I’ll go.”

I thought perhaps a patriarch would tire of life, and
sleep ;

I’d walk behind,—he was so old,—there’d be no
need to weep.

The morrow morn came darkly ; there was awe
within the town ;

Three days of dread before they said, “’T was pretty
Alice Brown.”

Oh ! ’t is not she of hazel eyes ; of plaited golden
hair ;

Whose smiles of greeting always beamed like heaven
on my care !

Not Alice of the sidelong glance ; soft heart, and
tender sigh

That kissed the rose aswoon ; tell me ! did *God* let
Alice die ?

"The third day past came darkly; there was awe
within the town;
"They called her long, but ne'er will wake your
pretty Alice Brown."

I linger in the village still; I cannot go away;
I walk the ways alone at eve; sometimes I pause
and pray;—

It is not much I say of her; I say it very low;
But somehow it is sweet to think, "Perhaps the
spirits know."

One house there is I never pass; one way I never
look;
I never climb the hill at eve; I never cross the
brook;

But over there, amid the rest, is carved into a
stone,
Her name and day, and that sad word I feel the
most: "Alone."

They hide within the hollows, and they creep into
the dell ;

Those little, crumbling headstones in the vale of
Estabelle.

The Fall Wind.

THE wind has stalked adown the garden path,
And blown the lights of all the poor flow'rs out ;
From maple wood I hear his stormy shout ;
The russet leaves take flight before his wrath ;
In stubble fields and clover-aftermath,
The wreckage of the year is strewn around ;
The mottled asters lie upon the ground.
Of all the bloom, the tyrant north-wind hath
Left only golden-rod, in saffron rows,—
And these, with bulging cheeks, he blows and blows,
Until they glow, and mingle with the west,
When setting suns lean low upon the land,
And songless birds, in cheerless plumage dressed,
Wing south or somewhere ; mute, discouraged band.

Beside the Bridge.

I LOVE to lounge about the bridge,
That in one leap surmounts the brook ;
I like to lie on clovered ridge,
Once tenanted by gold-crowned stook.

A far, faint call it is to sea ;
And near as far to meadows dank ;—
The blue skies woo the maple tree,
Upon this breezy upland bank.

When mists uproll, outstand the spires
And tow'rs of populated towns ;
I hardly hear the wavy choirs,
That tune melodious 'neath the downs.

But sing, my gentle hill-side rill !
No mocking pedant is around ;
And dainty Madge, from brook-side mill,
Comes not till tinkling kine-bells sound.

“The world is wrong ; it will not hear
My messages of Peace, of Life ;
Untended, Sorrow drops her tear,
And sweet-faced Patience flees the strife.

“The rich ; the mobs, condemn the arts ;
On selfishness they found the State ;—
The storied deeds of ardent hearts,
With myths, find desuetude their fate.”

Hold ! clearest, sweetest, singing rill !
The skies, and you, and God are left ;
And let me follow in some dream,—
The butt of scorn, but not bereft

Of love of beauty, and the faith
That it alone is ample meed
For all frustrations ; so, I graith
My garden row for poppy seed.

And therefore do I steep my soul
In passion for the summer-time ;
I laugh to see the drunk drones roll,
All nectar-drugged, from burdened cyme.

And soon the droning *humble-bee*,—
No such *gallant* e'er wore his spurs !
Wings loud to a catalpa tree,
Where 'mong the streaked racemes now stirs

A sated, truant zephyr-wight,
Decoyed by all the froth-like bloom,
From riding on the billow's height,
And sporting where the white-caps spoom.

The cherries, red and round and lush,
The boys and noisy cedar-birds
Scarce leave t' augment the new day's blush,
That warms the east and wakes the herds.

Wide riot of this fruiting day !
From thickets where the berry ripens,

To drying heaps of marsh-grown hay ;
And where a Black-eyed-Susan wipes

Its houri-eyes, that love the dusk.
The honeysuckles to the eaves
Climb with the prairie-rose ; and musk
And rare, the Night looks through the leaves.

An Ode,

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

NOT all delights of eld have passed away ;
 The joyful vales, like Tempe smiling green,
 Welcome god Helios to his azure day
 With the old feeling of that age serene,
 When ev'ry tree its dryad had ; each spring
 Its naiad ;—still the eglantine doth peep
 With conscious eyes upon its rosy world ;
 In grottoes cool, yet Hamadryads sleep ;
 Again o'er violet beds floats Zephyr's wing,
 Where Chloris' pretty form asleep is curled.

From ev'ry wood horned Pan his Echo calls,
Or seeks th' Arcadian Syrinx through the
trees ;

At night he answers back the waterfalls,
Piping unto the music-freighted breeze ;—
While Echo, hapless Oread, desperate pines
For one sigh from Narcissus, heartless boy.

So peopled are the glades and verdurous dales ;
And I have longed, in my upswelling joy,
To take an opiate poppy draught, or wines
With lotus tinct, and dream among these vales.

Yet walking do I dream ; and waking, love
Th' unviolated wild ;—the feathery birch
Sets all its leaves to dance ;—the cooing dove,
Self-satisfied upon his leafy perch,
Eyes the dissolving purple of his breast ;—
Emerging from the dim thick underwood,
The quail repeats her gurgling call, and suns
Her mottled wing,—or leads her callow brood,
Surprised, back to their hushed and secret nest,—
Or twittering, through the stubble fields she
runs.

A savor's in the air, as though the wind
 Had tasted juices from the sweet birch
 sprout,—
 Or lush ambrosial berry, or the rind
Nectareous of the red-leafed maple ;—out
O' the field come sounds of rustling corn o'er-ripe ;
And the far mead answers the lowing kine,
 With voice of water through its rushy bed ;—
In the hushed intervals, soft speaks the pine ;
Or breathes the hemlock's minor organ pipe
 Funereal marches for the Druid dead.

Still do the stragglers of the feathered host
 Forage about the weedy granary ;
 The tarnished finch, stripped of its golden
 boast,
Forgets its song for thistles on the lea ;
The catbird, like a falling arrow, drops
 From some dark sentinel fir-tree of the grove,
 And fills the bushes with its plaintive cry ;
Of snow premonitory buntings rove
Along the pool-lined road, or on the tops
 Of fences linger, or on stacks of rye.

The sunflower, heavy with its ripened gold,
Nods o'er the fences to late dandelions
Shiv'ring outside the garden in the cold,
Where the frost bites the hips of eglantines,
And nips the thin and serrate ruby leaf,
Edging it with a border of thin gold ;—
And ever does the paly gloaming borrow
From the decreasing daylight, growing old,
Hours for the heavy-burdened night ; and
grief
Bears Nature in her cypress tent of sorrow.

It seems no time for odes of Hafiz light,
Or to recall the tales of fabulous eld ;
Yet smiles fair Luna, lily of the night,
As though no tear from her sweet eye had welled
For love of Carian Endymion ;—
Still joy and hope must live, for the white stars
Gather to festival in heaven's plain,
As though young Hebe poured from fragrant
jars
Her famous nectar, tintured with the sun,
And sweetened with the dews and April rain.

What were the world if change brought endless
pain !

 If marguerites dead ended the summer's joy;
 If winter foaming on the stormy main
 Crushed sunny memories of June's employ !
Fancy and Poetry contribute still
 To mould the feeling to the varying round
 Of months and flow'rs and empty windy
 mead ;
And o'er the barren wood or bloomless ground
Thou yet may'st rove, or by the frozen rill,
 In musing rapt on Clytemnestra's deed.

April, with Ate's laughter in her eyes,
 Here by the brook has strewn pale marigolds,
 And spread a summer azure o'er the skies,
 And called the peeping buds out in the wolds ;
And petulant, as soon she chilled the plain
 Into a pallid and a withered death ;—
 Here have I heard the first sun-melted song
 Dissolve into the warming air ; the breath
Of Proserpine, diffused in breeze and rain,
 Has wafted me of joys a smiling throng.

And ev'ry rustling morning found new nests ;
 New flow'rs, new leaves, danced to the wind's
 soft tune ;
 On bourgeoning boughs the birds their love-
 swelled breasts
 Preened in the sunny Paradise of June ;
The breeze came up with rumours and a tale
 Of sweet hay sprouting in the meadows green,
 And sky-blue violets winking in the wood,—
 Of various budding sights that it had seen ;
Of trailing mayflow'rs, fragrant, timid, pale ;
 And ariscœmas in a green-striped hood.

Across this field I've seen the gleaming plough
 Part with bright share the ruddy steaming
 earth ;
 Alas ! that gelid winter cometh now,
 Sowing dismay and universal dearth.
The spotted starling closed his jeweled wing,
 Alit upon a bough, and watched his prey ;
 Or the kingfisher from a springy birch
 Darted for minnows in the watery way ;—
No more the robin, heralding the spring,
 Wantons in lyrics from his road-side perch.

Soft came the warmer June upon the scene,
 Freeing white butterflies for frolics light ;
 And loosing odours from the bowers green,
 Sweet as the amorous breath of Cupid's sprite
When she did wait him through th' impatient day,
 Twining rose-chaplets for his temples bright,
 And garlands, dew-sprent, braided like her hair,
 With which t' imprison luxuriously his might,—
So she might tease him in her girlish play ;—
 With such sweet toil she banished half her
 care.

Like gold may be the flow'ring slopes of France ;
 And fair may be Sicilian orange groves ;—
 Yet here I've seen the white-haired daisies
 dance ;
And crowd in hollows, in poor timorous droves,
Chased by the tyrannous wind. Oh ! fair to see
 Were scarlet poppies, deep as autumn stars,
 Trembling tumultuous in a garden bed,—
 Or with petunias mixed in crimson bars ;—
The mem'ry of the time is borne to me,
 When trellises were bent with roses red.

The morning sun, fresh from its orient stay,
 Woke months ago the sparrows in the eaves ;
 And ushered in the pleasure-murm'ring day
With waving woods and the vines' fluttering
 leaves.

Soft did those summer morns blush on these hills,
 And glisten rosy in each dew-pearl strung
 On spiders' threads, fixed to the foliated spray ;
The morning-glories from the low thatch hung,
Oped their cool chalices to thirsty bills,
 And to the bees from clover fields astray.

And quiet loomed the soft and shadowy night,
 Of death presageful with inverted lights ;—
 Each bird was still ; nor dreamed of green glades
 bright ;
Nor of a thousand song-inspiring sights ;—
The star-armed Archer shot across the sky ;
 Draco, and Vega's added beam serene,—
 Albireo's twin flame of orange and blue,
Promised the ending of the summer green,—
That ev'ry lovely flow'r must droop and die,
 And that sad birds their songs must bid adieu.

And as one lingers fondest with the fair
 That bid farewell ; so, Autumn ! with my
 rhyme
 Again to thee I turn, and praise thy hair
Of braided gold, rich in its sunny prime.
The year is kindling flaming sacrifice
 In the lit tufts of golden-rod ; the stream's
 Broad, mirr'ring breast catches the ruddy drops
Falling from cardinal blossoms ; in my dreams
Of joy e'er beam the asters' Pallas eyes ;
 And when I think of June my chilled breath
 stops.

No broken jar that doomed Danaides
 Feed fruitlessly, dost thou, rich Autumn ! fill ;
 But thou dost pour, embittered by no lees,
For Dionysus, honeyed liquors, till
The odorous juices of the o'er-ripe grape
 Flow wanton o'er the wine-wet cup ;—methinks
 I see the god, on vine-wreathed seat, imbibe,
His eyes joy lit, of sweet and heady drinks,
Till the calm senses his dazed brain forsake,
 And all his speech is Attic joke and gibe.

Strange suns begin to light the shorter days ;
 The Indian summer and the harvest moon
 Give way before the banks of purple haze ;
 Cicadas pipe at eve their shrilly tune,
Bucolics of the melancholy time ;—
 The mower now surveys the low-laid grain,
 And picks a last belated berry red ;
 The corn-ricks' shadows lengthen on the plain ;—
Soft on the breeze I hear a distant chime
 Tolling a requiem for th' untimely dead.

A Village Ballad.

I ASKED the sad-faced, crippled boy the cause of all
his woe,
"A twelvemonth gone," he answered me, "they laid
my mother low.

"And if you've passed beneath the hill whereon the
cedars wave,
Perhaps you've seen the sweet blue flow'rs I left
upon her grave.

"O tell me if the ribbon-grass was growing at her
feet ;
I hid a bunch of it that night beside the village street.

"A stone lies o'er the hollow, and I often wander
there ;
I never saw such grass before ; 't was somewhat like
her hair.

"I heard my father, sir, one day, before he went
away,
Boast that her looks were fair as those of any Queen
of May.

"Sir ! have you seen the May Queens pass ; because,
since mother's gone,
I think I'd like to see them ; do they drive at eve or
dawn ?

"Do companies of soldiers carry banners o'er their
heads ?
That's how they say the angels spread their wings
above our beds.

"And when I've lain on summer nights among the
rows of corn,
I've heard a rustling, but I've feared to look about
till morn.

“I am not good as mother was ; sometimes I fear to
sleep ;—

Sir ! when they told her she would die, I did not see
her weep.

“She simply moved the tangled curls that strayed
about my brow,

And kissed me twice,—her kiss was cold,—and said,
‘He’ll watch you now.’

“Whom did she mean by ‘He,’ sir? When I asked
her she was still ;

Nor did the mournful strangers say who bore her to
the hill.

‘Oh, oft I feel like weeping, but I would not wish
her here,

Because the loaves are hard to get, and winters now
are drear.

“The hops are no more planted in the fields of kind-
man Hood ;

And so she could not earn this year the load of
maple wood.

“Oh, now the tall blue flow’rs have come ; to-morrow
I shall go,
And plant the asters by her head ; and speak to her
below.”

“One friend thou hast, sweet boy, alway, and she is
more to thee
Than heav’n and earth. Farewell !” I said, and left
him tearfully.

Late Autumn.

BEHOLD ! the maize fields set their pennons free,
In this rich golden ending of the year ;
And asters bloom upon the sunny lea,
Smiling as sweet as May, though leaves turn sere.
Deep in the dell, the gentle turtle-head
Lifts up its tiny spire of pearly bells,
And cardinals ring out a richer chime ;—
A last brave bee seeks in the gentians' cells
A farewell taste of honeyed spring, for-dead
Is all the clover on its fragrant bed ;—
And bloomless rose vines o'er the trellis climb.

Sometimes across the still and cheerless night,
The farewells of the flocks are softly heard,
As to the warm savannahs they take flight,
Following the sad and tuneful mocking-bird.
And numerous winds are murm'ring sudden loss,
Like cries for Hylas through the Mysian land ;
Or doleful chords on Grecian citherns played
By tearful maidens of a funeral band.

Of all the wealth of Autumn now is left
But that to wound the memory ; bereft
Is he who wanders in this barren glade.

No more I linger in the Lydian wood,
And wait Silenos by each dell and spring ;
No more the gloaming seems or warm or good,
When ev'rything of joy has taken wing.
I e'en despair of Hellas in my pain ;
I walk an endless line of cypress shade ;
I wreck upon the tossing coast of night,
When ev'rything of loveliness light made
Dissolves into the cold swift autumn rain,
That sweeps interminably o'er the plain,
And leaves the dying world in piteous blight.

The reaper Winter cometh on apace,
And gleaneth all the wealth of golden-rod,
And parsley wild of timid peaceful face,—
Cutting the summer from the close shorn sod.
The miser-wind plucks now the last pale leaf
From the poor bough that treasured it in hope;—
The chilling mists unroll their purple folds,
Leaving the outcast through the wilds to grope,
Or fall beneath a silent, hopeless grief,
Gathered to ruin with the forsaken sheaf,
And all the wreckage of the blasted wolds.

From Eve to Morn.

O'ERFLOWING with the molten sun
 The buttercups, when day is done,
 Bend to the glowing west ;
 Bermudan lily-trumpets to
 Its lips the Ev'ning puts, and through
 Their throats a message blest
 Sounds to the sleepy world : " Sweet dreams and
 peace !
 " Rest till the shadows cease."
 All through the stilly hours
 White lilies droop, tearful with dew, to Pow'rs
 Of Nature praying, like a nun
 That supplicates the pitying Virgin-One.
 Then comes the rosy morn, with song
 Flooding each copse and valleys long ;
 And dogbanes in a fragrant dell
 Tinkle each pink-lined bell.

Mother and Son.

MOTHER of a piteous fate !
 Bearing one unknown ;
Standing by the night-dimmed gate,
 Far from glory's throne ;
Through the long years we will wait ;
 We can live alone.

Wand'rer in Elysium !
 Saddest of the throng,
Spirits pitying to thee come ;
 Wafts by blessed song ;—
Yet I see thee, meek and dumb,
 As thou hopest long.

On love's burning altars I
Scented fuel heap ;—
From thy blest and radiant sky,
Watch me as I weep ;
Satisfied my soul shall fly
Where we tryst shall keep.

Sometime I shall cleave the veil,
Shooting like a star ;
Breathless, swift, expectant, pale,
Watch me from afar
Ride on love's transporting gale,
High o'er earth's cold bar.

O'er, the tears that used to flow ;
Merged at last in bliss ;
What felicity to know
Fate had led to this :
Thou'lt maternally bestow
An immortal kiss.

Sunset.

WHERE purple, jagged peaks uplift
 Their heads, I watched the sunset drift ;
 And all the glorious day.
I saw the shattered shafts of gold ;
The swift-descending Eve unfold
 Its star-sprent mantle gay,
And in the cedar groves a glow diffused.
 Of Life's chill eve I mused,
 When one red wavering light
Shot up, a sentinel of night ;
And Echo and the oak-woods black,
 Hill unto hill, the watchword answered back ;
 While mutt'rings ominous increased ;
 And blustrous winds, from caves released,
Rushed to fell conflict overhead,
 Shouting : "The day is dead."

To a Waterfall.

A SILV'RY sheen against a dark brown steep ;
 From far thou almost seem'st to leave the skies ;
 And on a summer's noon thy foamings keep
 In ever-dancing glamour, all the dyes

That ever laid the lily's cup with gold ;
 Or flushed in fall the amarantus' cheek ;
 Or stole into the poppies' hearts, that fold,
 At eve, their arms about their heads, and seek

To rock themselves to sleep before the dews
 Distil their nect'rous liquors, for they fear
 That they might drink, and thereby surely lose
 The pow'r to wake at morning, and to hear

The prelude faint of first bird's song, that falls
 From poplar's top. And various colors ray,
 And weave a texture rarer than the walls
 Of Ottoman seraglios quaint display.

The pendent, odorif'rous wild rose sips
 Thy shooting spray ; and vermeil, rich and lush,—
 The beads of water glitt'ring on its lips,—
 The sense it half bewitches in the brush

Of its bedewy petals on the mouth.
 Beyond the turbulence and endless din,
 Thy polished, steel-blue current, in the south,
 Seems motionless, all like a glassy lin ;

Yet peacefully maintains its onward way,
 Through channels smooth ; along a flow'r-sprent
 shore ;—
 Nor ever dreams thy stream, the half-born day
 It flowed from gloomy Snow-lake's shallows hoar.

A Sonnet of the Wood.

OFT have I lingered through the peaceful eve
 Within the wood, where sighed the clematis,
 That playsome breezes ever clasp and kiss ;
 And been too happy the quiet glade to leave ;—
 And fondly thought I've seen the shy nymphs weave
 Pale dewy flow'rets for their wanton hair,
 That fluttered o'er their rosy shoulders bare ;
 And sometimes one of love would sweetly grieve ;—
 And then a sudden sound harmonic burst,
 Which startled all the coyish maids at first ;
 It only was a loose-stringed harp that fell
 Against their heap of chaplets tremblingly ;—
 And when they vanished from the lonely dell,
 Faint winds brought back their cadenced melody.

Hymn to the God of Nature.

FATHER of mercies ! from whose bounteous hand
We each receive a satisfying store ;
Thee, who dost deck with flow'rs this sunny land,
Our hearts with rapture filling, we adore.

For not alone for thine own pleasure thou
Dost scatter o'er the hills the grazing herds,
But thou dost send us for the gleamy plough
The trusty ox ; and for our joy, the birds.

Dark Autumn goes and Winter, like white Death,
Succeeds, and binds the earth in gelid ice ;

Yet thou art faithful, for Spring's balmy breath,
At thy command, undoes the frigid vice.

Again, the vault of heav'n seems on fire ;
The hillsides smoke ; the heat dries up the
streams ;—
Then thou dost speak, praised by th' accordant choir,
And genial show'rs soothe th' earth in peaceful
dreams.

Nature doth thee acknowledge, for she waits
Upon thy word, t' adorn the branch with buds ;
And thou dost warn her early, when the gates
Will loose the blasts and inundating floods.

The woodland choir that tunes its song for thee,
From thee receives direction to retreat ;
For soon their downy nests, hung on the tree,
Will totter where the reign of Death's complete.

How oft at ev'ning on a daisied hill
We've stood, and glad surveyed the scene around ;
All vocal was the mead ; the dancing rill
Rejoiced and flung its pearl-show'rs on the ground.

No more could forests still their music quite ;

In rhythmic wavings they their joy expressed ;—

The slumb'rous pines upon the shadowy height,

With all surrounding Nature, called thee “Blest.”

The Ballad of the Gardener.

I LINGERED thoughtfully at eve before two graven
stones ;
And watched the swaying pines, and trembled at the
north-wind's moans.

I gazed upon the silent clouds that drifted o'er the
sky ;
And I was lonely till a voice said slowly : " All must
die."

It was the agèd gardener ; he soothed my saddened
mood ;
" Sir," said he, " often too I come, and gentle sorrows
brood.

“That humble stone is o’er the spot where an old
comrade’s laid ;

He worked beside me year by year ; his bed ’t was I
that made.

“He was a melancholy man ; he often wandered
here,

And by that other stone he shed the sweet and chas-
tened tear.

“She was a favored child of wealth ; a trav’ller
through this town ;

The treach’rous fever took her when the leaves were
turning brown.

“And many lonely years had passed before the old
man came ;

He asked to work along with me ; I knew not all his
name.

“For many a year ago the maiden’s grave looked
drear and lone ;

My comrade seemed to love to come, and ponder by
the stone.

“She had a pretty name, sir ; it was Jennie Con-
stance Dale ;

And he would often speak it, as though memory
could fail.

“And though his arm grew feeble, by her grave he
raised this tree,—

A weeping birch,—that he might hear the sparrow’s
threnody.

“For oft when ev’ning’s yellow light flooded the
dreamy west,

The song that in the branches woke gave his sad
spirit rest ;

“And, often in the June-time, in his poor weak arms
he’d bring

The flow’rs that called the butterflies ; he loved their
poising wing

“Above her peaceful resting-place ; and pensive thus
he spent

The slow and quiet summer days ; the fall days came
and went ;

“And one sad morn of autumn, when the bell was
tolling low,
We laid him, as he asked us once, there where the
thick vines grow.

“A dirge swelled in the cedars, and I heard a mono-
tone
Of grief sing through the birch’s boughs, as if the
tree had known.”

“Good man,” I said, “was she the beauteous maid
of ‘Berkely Race ;’
And was your friend that village boy, who loved
above his place ?”

31 November.

GIVE me the suns of November days,
The speeding hours and the hast'ning shades ;
Find me a wood, where the slanting rays
Engold the leaves in the maple glades.

Summer has gone, with its bud and bloom ;
The apple boughs in the dusk swing bare ;
Autumn leaves, drifting to earth, entomb
The eglantine and the maiden hair.

Purple and saffron and gray and dun,
The ev'ning skies in the West recede ;
Night and the stars have their reign begun ;
The northern winds from their caves are freed.

Skies may be azure in other lands ;
And tropic winds softer perfumes hold ;
Climes may be mellow where other sands,
By warmer seas, on the shores are rolled.

Woods may be vocal with richer notes,
Or threnodies of the Nightingales ;
Hill-sides may echo to splendid throats,
That never sound o'er our northern dales.

Give me, withal, our wide northern skies ;
The rustling leaves in the forest ways ;
Storms, that the snow-bunting's warning cries
Presage with grief in November days.

Till Eventide.

O ANGEL of Peace ! come, soothe me to sleep,
Beside the rill where the hare-bells nod ;
And waken me not, till eve's dew-drops keep,
In little globes the bright stars of God.

Cecily's Garden.

O GARDEN of delights ! tell me
If thou hast seen my Cecily ?
Between the path and stone-wall brown
Lingers the fragrance of her gown.

Unheeded, did she pass the rose
That blows within thy flow'ry close ;
Or did she never deign a look
Upon the lilies in thy brook ?

If her fair eyes were dimmed with tears,
Then foolish were my jealous fears ;—
And, tell me ! by the trysting seat,
Did she lament love's doubtings sweet ?

Conspire with me, bright blissful scene !
To sing her praise. Ye soft slopes green !
Obsequious receive her tread ;
Ye branches ! shade her overhead.

And if, cool mirr'ring pools ! she looks
For lilies in your crystal nooks,
Her soft-curved form ; her radiant eyes,
Retain for my admiring sighs.

And odorous gales ! o'er flowers blowing ;
Relucent streams ! o'er shallows flowing,
Combine to swell her matchless fame,
By whispering her gentle name.

Reclaimed.

'T is sweet to have no greater thing to do
 Than wander on the shore, pleased by the breeze
 That blows o'er gardens of th' Hesperides,
 Dropping its balmy freights and odours new ;
 Or by the hedge to stray, where briars strew
 Their pink-edged petals on the flow'ring grass,
 Lading with scents the zephyrs as they pass ;
 And so to waste the lazy noon hour through,
 And fading day ; or watch the sedges wave
 Good-byes to ocean hurrying to its cave.
 But when I saw the Ev'ning, like a nun,
 Wrap the dun shades about its pensive brow ;
 And kiss the crossed rays of the dying sun,
 I, too, a votary, took Nature's vow.

Morn in Arcady.

THE peerless lark's reveille rings
 The daylight in ; a brown thrush sings
 Its matin hymn serene,—
 Notes pure as those that fall from some
 Famed goddess' harp, when choirs are dumb
 To list, and Muses lean
 Wond'ring upon their instruments. The reed
 Of Pan across the mead
 I hear ; and pastoral pipes
 Swell joyously. A wood-sprite wipes
 Its sleepy eyes, rising with smiles,—
 For Fancy still his ev'ning dreams beguiles
 With visits of fair nymphs, blue-eyed.
 Behold the cove where naiads tied
 Their boat to bending lilies white,
 When they strayed here at night !

An Autumn Wind.

A TRUCE with cares and labours ! I have cried ;
And traced the sweet winds to the barley field,
To watch the strong browned reapers, joyous wield
Their curved and twinkling sickles side by side.
And where the harvest valley opened wide,
A breeze fell down among the rip'ning grain,
Driving the golden waves across the plain,
And dipping in the nooks, where fieldlarks hide.
Brave with its gambol, still it went until
It waved the loosestrifes' ribbons o'er the hill,
And spilled the dazzling sunset from the flow'rs.
Within a forest, then it hid at night ;
To waken when the morning filled the bow'rs
With fragrance, and with floods of violet light.

The Mocking-Bird.

I KNOW a place where sings the mocking-bird ;
 Blithe spendthrift of melodious, flute-like notes ;—
 Enrapt, he listens to his song that floats
 Adown the echoing breeze. At night I heard
 His rich erotics, as of harps, wind-stirred ;
 Or sadder nocturnes to the chequered moon,
 From drowsy bushes where the roses swoon,
 Pure as those other songs “without a word.”

O rover in savannahs clad with vines ;
 Beside the rivers ; through the orange trees ;
 Wand’rer among the nodding columbines !
 Art thou akin to sunshine ; to this breeze ?
 We who have heard thy songs, believe thy soul
 Was first enthralled where stellar harm’nies roll.

An Arcadian Morning.

AURORAL splendours scintillate
 About the morning's cloudy gate ;
 And mists of purple hue
 Ascend the silver-threaded vale,
 And scent the spicy-swelling gale
 With odours of the dew.
 Awake, arise ! ye nymphs, from beds of fern ;
 And watch the rose fires burn
 About each flow'ry copse ;—
 Sprinkle the chaste ambrosial drops
 In honour of your deity.
 Ye drowsy dryads ! sleeping 'neath yon tree,
 Have ye no music festival ;
 No measure weird or magical,
 With which to charm your wild-wood gay,—
 And praise the blushing day ?

The Realm of Love.

THE silv'ry chimes were ringing in the tow'r ;
 O'er aspen leaves in ariose breathings soft
 The winds were flowing ; in the vine-clad loft
 The doves were whisp'ring love ; and in a bow'r,
 Which ev'ry zephyr hid in frequent show'r
 Of white rose leaves, a thrush his peerless song
 Did flute, the fancy wafting rapt along.
 No marvel if it was the lover's hour.

"Sweet fair," he sighed, "view the enchanted scene ;
 Immortal Love lives in this realm serene ;—
 Here let us dwell, and for each other wreathe
 Green chaplets ; or with roses, wet with dew,
 Pale garlands for thy neck I'll twine ; or breathe
 Into thine ardent ear some love tale new."

Until the Eve.

KNEE-DEEP in lush red clover-field,
 I heard the village church bells pealed ;
 But love and melancholy,
 And that gentler folly
 Of questing Nature, led me on,—
 From the cloud-ushered roseate dawn,
 By devious paths hung over by the lark,
 And whip-poor-wills at dark.
 I lost a thrush note true,
 Pellucid as the dropping dew ;
 And where a rivulet delayed
 In glassy pools, a vesper-sparrow made
 My spirit grieve with its sad strain,
 Yearning for love and spring again,—
 Then fell the shadowy Ev'ning calm,
 Steeping our souls in balm.

Within the Wood.

I WANDERED idly in a wood ;
 Within a little vale I stood,
 And thought I heard the far
 Faint tinkling of the fairy bells.
 Clintonias twinkled in dim dells,—
 Pale as the morning star.
 A streamlet, colored with ambrosial show'rs
 That dripped through blue-flow'ed bow'rs,—
 Trickled through mosses green.
 And once I've spied, or thought I've seen,
 Far down this leafy forest glade ;
 Weary with gamboling, a coy nymph-maid,—
 Who to her cheeks a soft leaf cool,
 Plucked from an azure mirr'ring pool,
 With many sweet complainings pressed ;
 Sighing herself to rest.

Night Musings.

OFT in the night I've sought a dewy bank,
 And drawn my knees up close and dropped my
 head,
 Aweary with world-vieings ; and instead
 I've mused about the stars in glittering rank
 Broad circling far above me ; then, all blank
 Has grown my environment ; the ghostly birch
 I would not see ; nor on his briar-rose perch
 Could hear the love-lorn thrush ;—I sweetly sank
 Serene into deep dreaming. Or of Keats
 I've thought ; or that my love with me, on seats
 Soft-cushioned, in some gondola has lolled,
 (While we have sailed upon a turquoise sea,
 About great Venice alabaster-walled)
 And in the rose-light ta'en Life's plight from me.

A Rural Song.

OH, give me the hour, when the old church tow'r
Leans gray 'gainst the golden west ;
When birds on the wing, and the robins, sing ;
When all the glad world is blest.

Oh, waft me away, gentle winds ! to-day,
In dreams, to the old homestead ;
Where streams thread the hill, and the meadow-rill
Sings soft down its pebbly bed ;

Where tall grasses wave, and the brooklets lave
The violets nodding blue ;
Where marigolds look in the mirr'ring brook,
All tintured a golden hue ;

Where cool shadows fall from the ivied wall,
And bells of the snowdrop swing ;
Where mayflowers trail 'neath the mossy rail,
And purple hepat'cas spring.

Oh, sound me the cry of the jay flying by,—
The jay in its plumage blue,—
Oh, give me a sight of the skies at night,
And stars peering shyly through.

Sing too of the lawns, when the morning dawns,
Where sweet yellow cowslips bloom ;—
Claytonias praise, in your vernal lays,
And garland the winter's tomb !

The Moorish Captive.

AMID the mockery of silk-hung walls
She wanders desolate ; and curiously
Each day, 'bent o'er the mirror on her knee,
(When e'en the echoing lute her spirit palls,
And there's no music in the plashing falls)
She sees the roses pale in each fair cheek ;
And her sweet brow becoming week by week
More like a lily cold. About the halls
Anon she lingers, studying arabesques ;
Or stealthily she opes the cedarn desks,
Perfumed with spices and inlaid with gold,
To search for keys her casement to unlock.
Oft through the lattices her eyes behold
The citron trees in bloom beside the walk ;

Or on the limitless and tossing sea,
She views the white-sailed argosies go by ;
A quick and passioned tear floods her deep eye,
For from some mast her lord's flag flutters free.
How he would make the base Castilian knee,
Did he but know that she did languish here,
In covert prisonment ! And sometimes near
The scene the buhl-buhl singeth gloriously,
Enamoured of the dew-dipped op'ning rose ;
And round her tow'r the fragrant lemon blows.
Then worn with grief she falls to sleep, and dreams
Of freedom and the balmy summer skies ;
Or follows dark-eyed spirits of the streams
Through emerald deeps, to Love's long Paradise.

An Orient Maid.

I WATCHED her tie her sandals on
 With ribbands soft as her dark hair,
 The while her robe of spotless lawn
 Moved to the toyings of the air.

And when her languorous eye-lids fell,—
 With purest pearl tints softly dyed,—
 The dimpled smiles on her cheeks tell
 What thoughts in her sweet memory hide.

From rounded shoulder to the tips
 Of tapering fingers, pinkly bright ;
 And in the curve of her rose lips ;
 Nature had lavished line and light.

A zone with sapphires sprinkled o'er
Caught up the flowings of her gown ;
And pendent, jewelled charms she wore,
To her warm bosom reaching down.

I wondered if on lavender ;
Or silken pillows, perfume-filled ;
Or bed of aromatic fir,
She slept through nights, by love's dreams
stilled.

The Connoisseur.

OF all the wines, if I had my choice,
 I'd quaff a rare Falernian draught ;
 Of all the fruits that the heart rejoice,
 I'd take the figs of Khoras-Taft.

Of fine vase work, give me King-te-Tchin ;
 Of flow'rs, select the orchis race ;
 Of glasses, blow me a goblet thin,
 Venetian art of wondrous grace.

In music, chant me a Lydian strain,
 Like Philomel's pellucid notes
 That rise to heav'n, when the spring's cold rain
 Has silenced less melodious throats.

Old prints, and songs of the good old days ;
 Old statues, plate, Etruscan ware ;
 Old tapestry ; gems ; Ben Jonson's plays,
 Delight the musing connoisseur.

Where the Leaves Drift.

I LAID me down upon a sedge-fringed bank ;
 Anear a sliding rivulet that longed
 To win the dimpling river, where, all dank,
 The water-oats in soughing comp'nies thronged.

I stretched me out and watched the teal ducks rise,
 Explore the south and flap their level flight ;
 The world was lonelier ; the cooling skies
 Grew heavy with the load of darkling night.

Unclasped and icy-pearled and jew'll'd with frost,
 The winter's yoke hung o'er the bare brown land ;—
 I saw th' untimely sunset's glory crossed
 With shadows of a purple-vested band.

A ruby-colored fleet of maple leaves
Adrift across the shimm'ring shallow blew ;
A crackling twig the silence breaks ; and grieves
A vesper sparrow all the forest through.

Now beaded eglantines and prickly burrs
Of burdened chestnut trees, make autumn rich ;
Above the maple wood a goshawk whirs
In dizzy soaring and in steepy pitch.

The ev'ning breeze drives up the vap'rous rack
Behind the hemlocks dense ; the ,north, star-
crowned,
Unleashes all the gaunt and baying pack
Of wind-wolves fell, by three green seasons bound.

The pale and sickle moon, with sheaf of stars,
Begins her foray in the heav'nly fields
Of constellated circling orbs ; and bars
Of stellar wealth show how the harvest yields.

O Nature-mother, rock us in thy lap ;
And let us wake in some true world beyond !
For ev'rything of beauty meets mishap
In this poor earth ; the lilies of the pond

Have perished Junes ago ; the violets
 Were buried when the veeries came in May ;
And now the piping wood-thrush half forgets
 That old love song he sang one April day.

Even=Time.

IN meadows deep with hay, I see
 The reapers' steel flash sparkingly ;
 And bobolinks at play ;—
 And in the iris-bordered coves
 Frail lilies, shaded by the groves,
 Moor all the golden day.
 I watch the Flicker rise on sun-lit wings
 High where a pewee sings,—
 Apollo's messenger
 To the lone piper of the fir.
 Where rolling western hills look like
 Waves of ærial seas, the sunsets strike ;
 And wrecking, dye the clouds with gold.
 Moon-wheeled, Eve's chariot is rolled
 On through the high, star-spangled doors,
 To Night's dark murm'rous shores.

“Apollo! Oramus!”

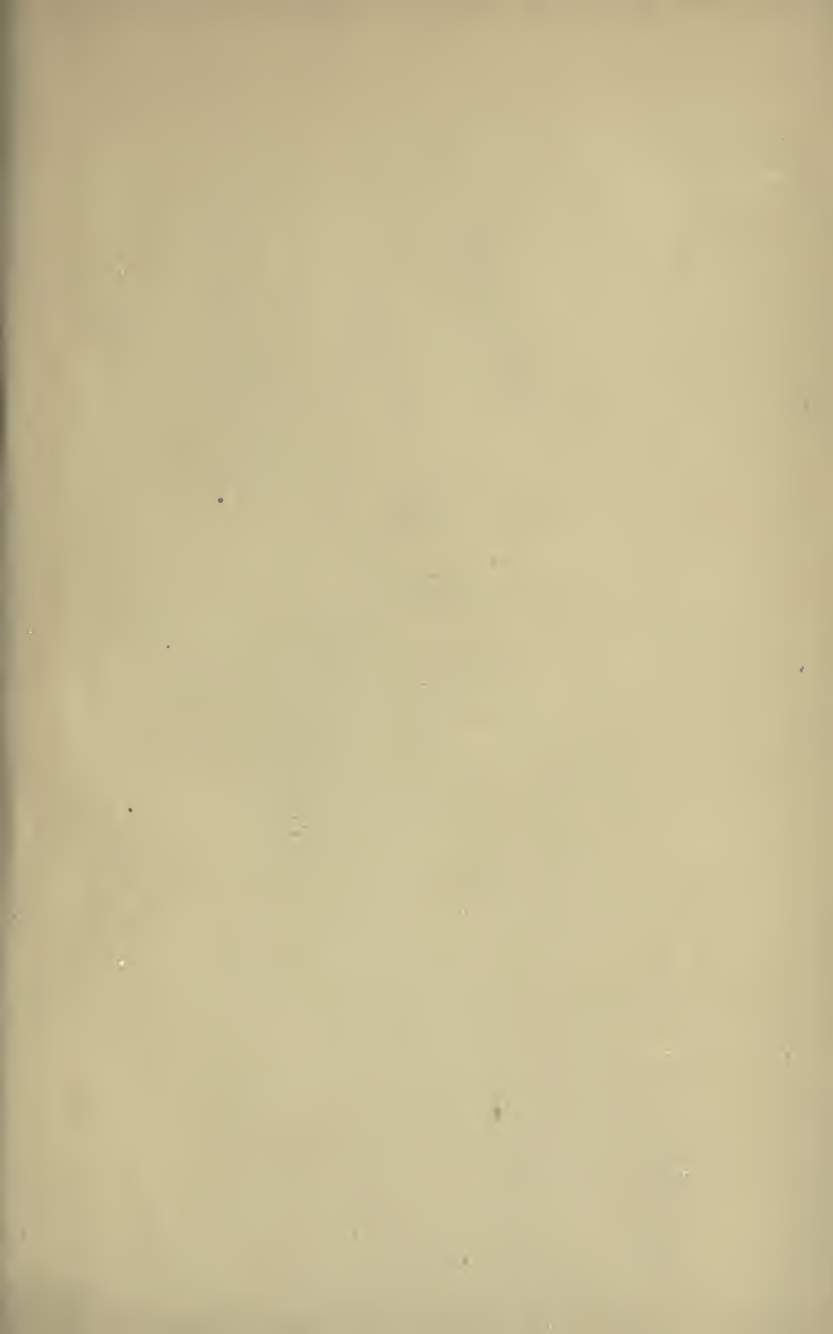
HAIL! Phœbus Apollo! with argent rays bright;
 Thou son of Latona, that bringest the light;
 From Orient dawn to the Occident Night,
 The shadow-robed legions of Pluto, in flight,
 Disperse from thy might.

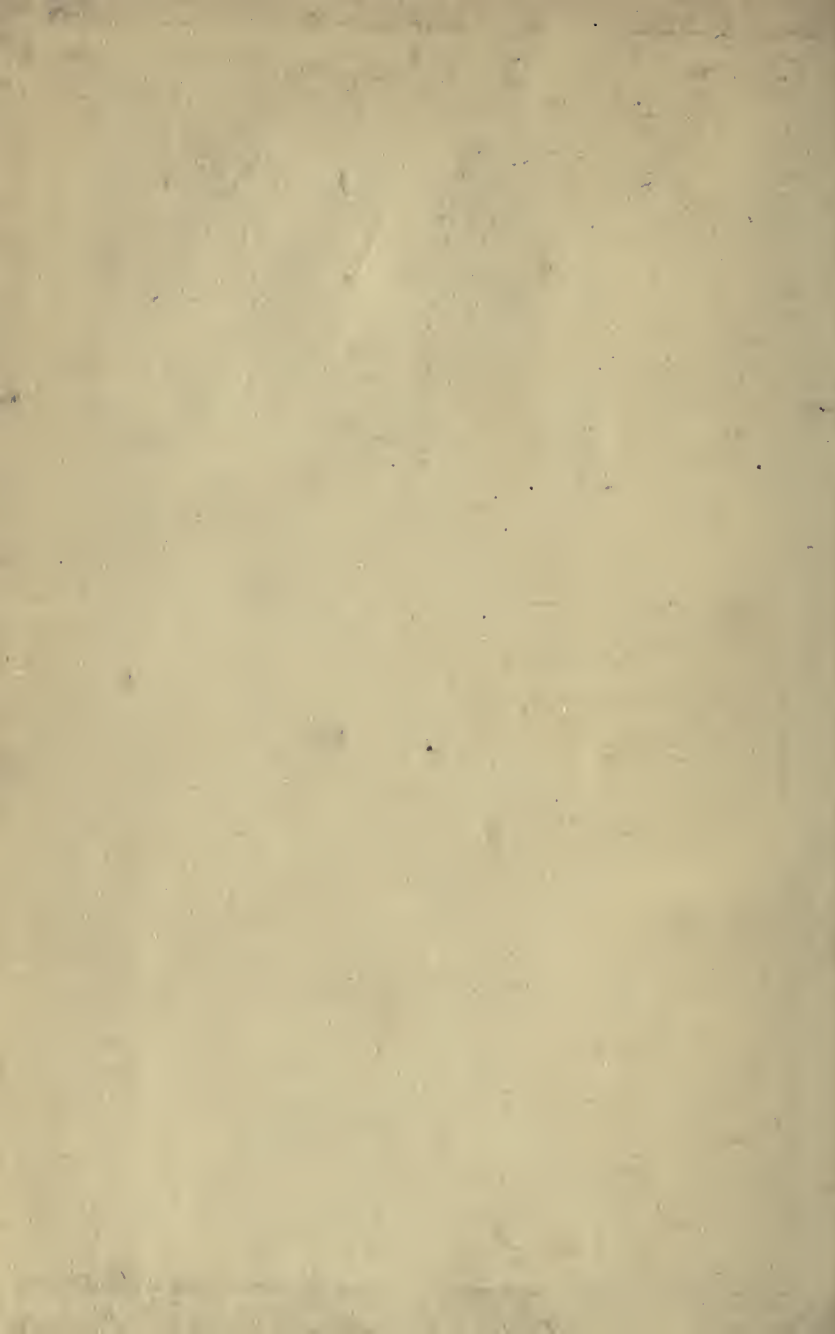
O thou, with the golden lyre, singing the morn;
 Thy coming attended with harmonies born
 In fair Delos isle, where the nightingale lorn,
 Her love ditty sings from the rose-scented thorn,
 And fields of new corn!

To Cynthus' dread mountain our virgins shall go,
With lotus-dressed tresses and vestments of snow ;
Grant, god ! ever-glorious with silver-tipp'd bow,
The needs of thy suppliant vestals to know !
Thy oracles show !

In Rhodos' famed isle of the clarified air,
Where sleep drops her balm on the forehead of
care ;
And morn wakes the slumb'rer with melodies rare ;
Thy priestesses raise to thee sweet-chanted prayer ;
And incense-gifts bear.

Then, Phœbus ! Protector ! and Dian the chaste !
Twin gods of our temple in Tauris' lone waste ;
Behold on thy altars our sacrifice placed ;
Thy fane with sweet storax, and myrtle wreaths,
graced ;
To succour us, haste !





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